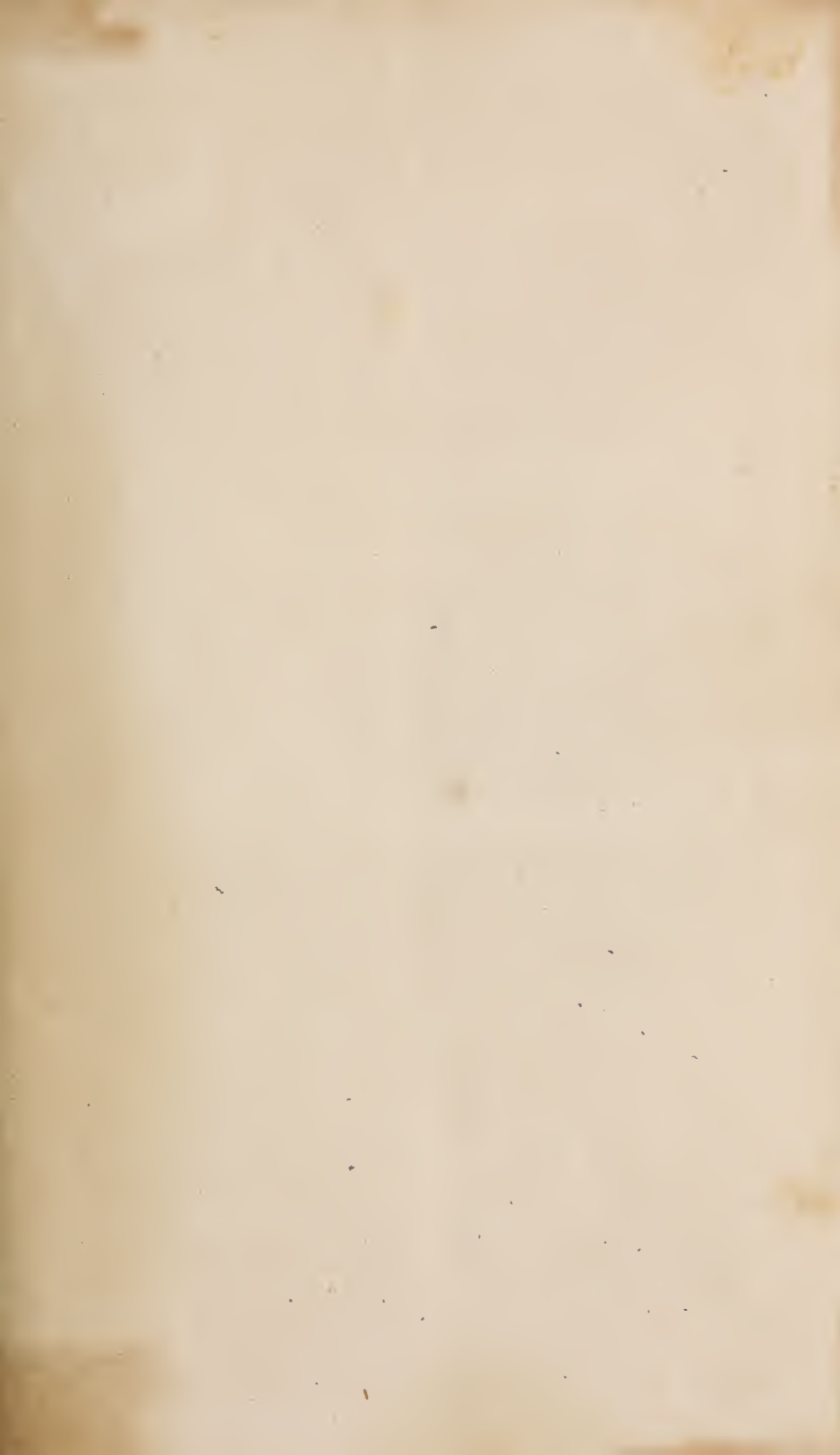




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# Banner of the Covenant.

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 NOVEMBER, 1852.
 

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## Theological Discussions.

[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

THE RULING ELDER.

MR. EDITOR,—The following report “on the duties of the ruling elder” was adopted by the Reformed Presbytery of Ohio at their late meeting, and I was instructed to request, which I respectfully do, in their name, that it be published in the Banner, for convenience of reference.

A. HERON, *Presbytery's Clerk.*

The committee appointed to “draft an outline of the duties of the ruling elder,” respectfully submit the following draft of a presbyterial address to ruling elders and congregations—recommending that it be adopted, and read publicly in all our congregations.

To the ruling elders of congregations under the inspection of the Reformed Presbytery of Ohio:

DEAR BRETHREN,—We live in a day the aspect of which is greatly checkered—sunshine and clouds alternating with each other in an extraordinary degree. We would desire to bear in mind the inspired admonition, “Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this.” We would acknowledge, with lively gratitude to him who is “the Prince of the kings of the earth,” the great things doing in our day; in the rapidly increasing diffusion of the word of life, enabling so many of the tribes and nations of the earth to “hear, in their own tongues, the wonderful works of God;” in the unprecedented enlargement of missionary efforts, both in Christian and heathen lands; in the unparalleled facilities afforded for intercommunication among the nations of the earth, all tending to unite the race in one great brotherhood, and to usher in the period when the reign of the “Prince of peace” shall be universal,—in the spirit of intelligence and freedom which is visibly leavening so large a portion of the globe,—and in the effectual check which seems, in the providence of God, to be given to avowed infidelity. But, while grateful for the good, we would not shut our eyes from beholding and mourning over the prevailing evils. It can hardly have escaped the notice of the most casual observer that, in respect to the fervour of piety, the liveliness of Christian zeal, the spirituality of frame, and the devotedness to the service and cause of God, which should characterize the followers of the Lamb, there is a grievous falling off from the attainments of former days. This is the case among ourselves as well as others. And unquestionably all of us, whether ministers, ruling elders, or private members of the church, “have a hand in the trespass.” And if this be so, the Church’s Head is undoubtedly calling upon us all to awake from slumber, and in our several stations to do what in us lies to “strengthen the things that remain, and are ready to die.” Suffer us, then, dear brethren, while recognising the primary obli-

gation resting on gospel ministers to take the lead in the work of reformation, to remind you also of the obligations resting upon you. We consider this the more necessary, because, judging from long prevailing practice, we apprehend that there are serious mistakes generally entertained respecting the nature and extent of the office which you fill. There is perhaps generally a commendable degree of punctuality in attending meetings of church courts, from the session to the General Synod, and a goodly measure of intelligence and fidelity in judging there for God and truth. We believe it also to be a common practice for the elder of the district to accompany the pastor in his rounds of pastoral visitation, and so far it is well. We would not, by a single word, lower in your estimation the importance of these services. But we would affectionately remind you that the duties belonging to your office take a much wider range, and that we have the highest authority for saying this will appear from the following passages of the inspired word, selected from many. In Acts xx. 28, Paul says to the elders of Ephesus, "Take heed to yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood." James v. 14: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord." 1 Peter v. 1, 2: "The elders which are among you I exhort. . . Feed the flock of God which is among you,—taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind." From these injunctions of the Master, you will at once perceive that your office comprises nothing less than exercising an oversight over the church of God, and feeding the great Shepherd's flock. In reminding you of this, we wish not to be understood as saying a word to encourage what is called lay-preaching, or to obliterate the well established Presbyterian distinction between the teaching and the ruling elder. There are other ways than public preaching in which the church of God is to be fed, and souls are to be edified. Permit us briefly to remind you of some of these.

In the first place, you are called to be examples to the flock. In all that belongs to a tender and godly walk and conversation before the world; in the diligence and care with which you train and watch over your families; in the constancy and regularity with which you attend meetings for social prayer, and your earnestness and fervour in the appropriate exercises of such meetings; and in your constant presence and reverent attention in the sanctuary,—you should be prepared to say, "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ."

Again, it is your duty to enlighten and instruct. This essentially belongs to feeding the church of God, for "the truth as it is in Jesus" is the food of souls. As we have said already, you are not public preachers of the word; but there are many other ways in which you can be "teachers of the foolish, and instructors of the ignorant." We would especially entreat you to put forth your influence, as opportunity offers, in training up the rising generation in the knowledge and the fear of God. We need not tell you how much the prospects of the future church depend on this.

Once more, it is your duty to exercise *watchfulness* over the flock. Visit them, as occasion serves, in their houses, and see that each family under your inspection be in the possession of the subordinate standards of the church. If any of them are negligent in attending on the prayer-meeting or the sanctuary, tenderly and affectionately stir them up to diligence. If any are in perplexity of any kind, be ready to pour into their



ear a word of direction or advice. If any lambs of the flock are straying, endeavour tenderly to win them back. If any are rejoicing in God, rejoice with them, and seek to strengthen them. If any are sorrowing, sympathize with them, and seek to lead their thoughts to the consolations of God's word and Spirit.

Another duty belonging to your office is to visit the sick and dying, and to pray with and for them. We need not here repeat what we have already quoted on this head from the general epistle of James. You are not now called to "anoint the sick with oil," but the prayer of faith is just as requisite and as really efficacious now as it was in the Apostle's day. We trust that the bare mention of this matter is sufficient, and that we need not dwell on its importance or necessity.

In a word, you are called to be *helpers* to your pastor in his work. It is comparatively little that a pastor alone can do among his people, however diligent and however faithful he may be. We would not be understood, either as limiting the power of Almighty grace, or exalting human effort to a place that is not its due. But in ordinary cases, the instrumentality is proportioned to the work accomplished. As Aaron and Hur stayed up the feeble hands of Moses, so the members of a church session should not only be themselves ready to every good work, but strengthen the hands of the ministry, so that by their countenance, their encouragement, and prayers, the ambassador of Heaven may see the work of the Lord, by his instrumentality, prospering in Emanuel's hand. To act in such a manner as to give efficient aid to your pastor in his work, there is no need that you should incur the charge of being busy-bodies, of hunting up or retailing idle tales, or of giving any place or encouragement to personal resentments or quarrels. Nor is it necessary that, in your intercourse with the people, the tone of official authority should be assumed. As far as possible, the spirit exhibited should be that of the people's confidential friends, peace-makers and peace-preservers. In this way prudence and discretion enable you to see what your pastor cannot see, to hear what he cannot hear, to do what he cannot do. And thus, through your fidelity and prudence he may acquire such a knowledge of the temptations, fears and dangers of the people of his charge, as that in the course of his ordinary expositions of the word, he may be prepared to meet the case of each.

To the people of our congregations, we would only say,—

Dear brethren, much of what we have said above rests with you. If you treat the office-bearers of your choice with neglect, or as "taking too much upon them," their hearts will be discouraged, and their hands will hang down. But if, on the other hand, you "esteem them very highly for their work's sake," and afford them all the facilities and encouragement in your power, for the discharge of their high responsibilities among you,—then they and you will be "mutual helpers of each other's faith and hopes," and "striving together for the faith of the gospel" here, will be prepared to "sit down together with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven."

"Grace, mercy and peace be with you."

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NEANDER'S LIBRARY.—These long looked for books, purchased by the University of Rochester, have arrived in New York. The collection numbers 4600 volumes, and is the library of the late Dr. Neander. It was obtained at a cost of about two thousand dollars. Many of the volumes have been rebound, and the expenses together will be about three thousand dollars.

## Practical Essays.

ON THE SUPPORT OF A GOSPEL MINISTRY.—BY A WORKING MAN.—On the question regarding the proper mode of distributing the Sustentation Fund; the writer of this paper feels it would be presumption in him to give an opinion; but there is another question of far more importance, which every member of the Free Church, and every other church, may come to a decision on—that is, the duty of all Christians and of all church-going people to support their own religious instructors, and, over and above, to extend the gospel blessings to those who are without them, according to their means and opportunities. The neglect of this has given rise to all the difficulties and vexatious annoyances in which we are now involved; and, without making any apology, we feel ourselves at liberty to say a few words by way of remonstrance in this matter. We are conscious that a large number of the adherents of the Free Church act towards their pastors in a manner in which they would think shame to act towards any other individual, or set of individuals, whom they might call to their employment, and which is not only inconsistent with their duty as professing Christians, but is contrary to reason and common sense. There is an idea that has taken hold of the minds of some persons, that they are not called upon to give any thing towards the support of their ministers, far less towards the cause of Christ generally, until they get all the little comforts and conveniences which they think they are in want of; that, if actually they have no money, as it were, lying useless beside them, they are under no obligation, human or divine, to give any thing for religious purposes; hence the invariable excuse for not giving—"I can't afford it"—"I am not able to spare it;" a vague and meaningless expression in the sense in which it is often used. The truth is, neither the poor nor yet the rich can give any thing according to this loose way of speaking—the one requiring all for present wants, and the other for future wants, and those that have got what Agur prayed for, have just enough, and no more.

We believe that multitudes persuade themselves, or rather Satan persuades them to act in this way, and they are content to live, if we may so express ourselves, as so many religious paupers on the bounty of others, hindering the progress of the truth, while they ought to be helping forward the good work, and distributing the bread of life to those that are "perishing for lack of knowledge." The whole difficulty of upholding in full efficiency a gospel ministry in this country, and the cause of all the grumbling that we hear from day to day at the constant cry for money, is that men and women, members of churches, place religion among those things that they cannot afford to pay for, instead of placing it, as it ought to be placed, among the foremost of those things which they cannot want; however small a man or a woman's income may be; for, however inadequate to procure for them even the first necessities of life, yet no Christian man or woman is at liberty to keep the support of the gospel out of the calculation. "Will a man rob God?" is the awful and solemn question of inspiration, and may well ring in our ears when spending the bounties of his providence without any reference to his will, or acknowledging the obligations that lie upon us to give of our substance as the Lord has prospered us. If we were thus giving, every congregation in any part of Scotland, with three or four hundred adherents, might support a minister with the greatest of ease, and without being the least indebted to their neighbours for religious ordinances, and that, too, without any thing of a sacrifice, or impoverishing themselves by so doing. All that is required is to get men and women to be as honest in religious matters as they generally are in their worldly affairs; or, in other words, if they would pay their religious teachers of whose services they avail themselves, just as they would do any other individual who labours for them in worldly matters. "The labourer is worthy of his hire," in whatever sphere he labours; and it does not alter the thing, or lessen the obligation that the amount is left to their honour and



sense of duty. The debt is due, for the labourer has been hired, and he must have his wages. Even men who make no pretension of being guided by religious motives consider a debt of honour the most binding.

We are too ready to look upon paying our minister as an act of generosity—a benevolent action which we may let alone without the risk of being called dishonest—and we flatter and excuse ourselves with the idea that we must be just before we are generous, and must pay our legal debts, provide for ourselves and our families; and after that, if there is any thing over, then we will show our generosity, and our benevolence, by giving something for the support of the gospel. There cannot be a doubt that a fallacy of this kind possesses the minds of a great number of our church-going people, hardening their hearts, and searing their consciences, which makes them deaf to all the solemn appeals that are made to them; who hear them all for others, and think that they are meant for those that have abundance, and do not know what to do with it; “as for them, they can’t afford it.”

What we wish is, that all classes, whether rich or poor, young or old, married or single, should place religion among the first necessities of life, and among the foremost of those things which they cannot want, and consequently must pay for in proportion to their other expenditure. If so, we are very sure our fears would soon be dissipated, our difficulties would vanish, and we would not only see our present ministers in comfort, and beyond the fear of want, but would enable the Free Church to enlarge the field of operation, “lengthen her cords and strengthen her stakes,” and go, as it were, light hearted, and with a cheerful countenance, to the work given her to do, by the removal of this incumbrance of worldly care.

As we are addressing ourselves to Christian men and Christian women—at least to those that profess to be so, and who would be offended if we were saying any other thing—we ask, in all sincerity, Are you prepared to want your minister? Are you prepared to forego the privilege of assembling yourselves together in the house of God? Would you like your children after you to do without these privileges? If not, you must pay for them; you must place the support of them among those things which we cannot want, and never after use the expression, “I can’t afford it.” You might as well say, “I can’t afford to pay the tailor or the shoemaker,” or any other of whose services you avail yourselves.

The Author of the gospel has not seen meet to send angels to preach to us, but, in his unerring wisdom, has ordained that these glad tidings should be proclaimed to us through human instrumentality, by men of like passions as ourselves, who are compassed about with the many weaknesses, infirmities, and short-comings which we ourselves are liable to, who require food and raiment, and have their yearly accounts to pay as well as those who hear them. How is he to pay them if he does not get his wages? And the duty of paying him does not belong to one part—it belongs equally to all that avail themselves of his services, whether rich or poor. If the plea, “I can’t afford it,” is a good and valid one for the minister, it is equally so to the tailor and the shoemaker; if it does not answer the one, neither will it answer the other.

We know some will say we are descending too far, and that this is a vulgar and nonsensical way of treating so sacred a subject—but we really cannot help it; nor do we think it is descending half so far, nor yet so vulgar, as seeing men and women well clad, and apparently well fed, and living in comfortable houses, who take the labour and service of ministers from Sabbath to Sabbath, and from year to year, without paying for it. We hear a good deal about taking high ground, and speaking to men on this subject, and to appeal to their benevolence and generosity and their duty as Christian men; but we think there is as much need for taking low ground. Were we pleading with a man in behalf of his neighbour, or asking his aid for sending the gospel to the heathen, or for any other benevolent or charitable purpose, we

might then appeal to his heart and conscience, and address him, as it were, from a higher elevation in the solemn and persuasive language of the Bible—"Look not every man to his own things, but also every man on the things of others; he that worketh let him work more, that he may give to him that needeth. For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be made rich." "Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." But surely we need not take very high ground to tell a man that he ought to be honest, that he should "owe no man any thing," that he should "provide things honest in the sight of all men;" and we humbly think there is something dishonourable in the conduct of those who avail themselves of the services of a minister, and the accommodation which others have provided, without bearing a reasonable share of the expenses necessary for his maintenance. And we need not wonder that earnest-minded men, who are doing their utmost to support a Christian ministry in comfort and respectability, who are giving their time and their means to the cause of Christ, in this and other lands—we say we need not wonder they are vexed and disheartened by the selfish indifference of a number of cold and heartless adherents, who are more or less numerous in every congregation of the church; nor need it surprise us though their inventive faculty was at work, and their ingenuity put on the rack, to devise some scheme which, in some of its provisions, would lay hold on these men; for it is undeniable that if we could get those that give nothing or next to nothing (we mean in proportion to their other expenditure) to pay at least for their own share of the burdens, then we would have what the generous and the benevolent give over and above their own proportion, and also what the rich give of their abundance for providing gospel ordinances to those that are actually and absolutely unable to provide for themselves, and to make an aggressive movement towards the reclaiming of the masses of heathenism which are found in all our large cities.

We know that some will be ready to say that the clergy ought to content themselves with less incomes, that it is contrary to their profession to have too much of this world's goods, that some of them have a great deal more than many of those who contribute to their support, &c.; but the fair way of judging of a man's income is by comparing it with the income of others in the same standing in society; and we are sure that if the income of the clergy, generally, were tried by this rule, it would be found that they are the worst paid class of men in all the country. It must be remembered that a man cannot help his own standing in society. When once he engages in a profession he must keep up, in some measure, its dignity and honour—in short, he must have the whole arrangement of his household in harmony with the respectability which the public associates with the office he holds. But it would be asking him to make "bricks without straw," unless we give him the means of so doing; and surely what the Free Church has fixed as the least on which that can be done will not be considered too much; for we could with more comfort live on £40 per annum as a workman, than £150 as a clergyman.

We by no means insinuate that the poor are greater defaulters than the rich in this matter. There are individuals among the poor, and also among the rich—and we have great reason to thank God for them—that do the utmost in their power, "yea, and beyond their power," who are never weary of well-doing, who are always ready with large hearts and liberal hands to engage in every good work. The church owes them much, their country owes them much, the world at large owes them much. Oh, little do the careless multitude, who live at random, frittering away their brief hours without any aim or end, like winged insects in the evening rays—we say, little do they think how much of their sunshine they owe to the labours and pains taken



by these men! and without being charged with abusing scripture language, we may say, that "except the Lord of hosts had left unto us a very small remnant, we should have been as Sodom, and we should have been like unto Gomorrah." But these are comparatively few in number, and we are not at all sure but the working classes give more in proportion to their means than the upper classes of society—we mean, of course, members of churches. But without making any inquiry as to who gives most—for we have all come short of our duty in this respect—there is one thing which will be admitted on all hands: that the duty of supplying the wants of those that are unable to provide for their own spiritual wants lieth on them that have the means, somewhat in the same way as it is their duty to provide for the temporal wants of those that are suffering from hunger; the laws of God and of man cry aloud to us to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and they are in harmony with the feelings of our nature. We could not eat very contentedly, nor sleep very soundly, if we were aware that a fellow-being was actually starving within our reach, or even within our borders; and although our moral and spiritual sensibilities are not so easily impressed, even though multitudes are perishing for "lack of knowledge" at our very doors, nevertheless, it is our duty, and also our privilege, to give the bread of life to those that cannot, or those that will not, provide for themselves.

In conclusion, there is one consideration we wish to press on the middle and higher classes of society—that their own interest is bound up with the moral and spiritual improvement of the working classes of this country; if they wish to maintain their present position—if they value the comforts, the social refinements, the luxuries, the splendour, which they now enjoy—if they wish to leave them as an inheritance to their children—if they would like their country to escape the terrors and alarms, the social and political disorders which other countries have experienced, or the grinding tyranny of some political adventurers, which the up-heavings of a popular fury might chance to throw upon the surface;—we say, if they deprecate such calamities, and value the blessings that they now so quietly and securely enjoy, let them see to it that the masses of the population be leavened with those holy and salutary lessons which the Bible alone teaches, which enable a man to rise above the trials and vexations of this life, by directing his hopes to a better state of being, having the infallible assurance that all things which happen to him on this side of time shall work together for his good, and that the trials and sufferings of the present shall only enhance the pleasures and never-ending joys which are held out to him in the Word of God.

"That Scripture is the only cure of wo.  
That field of promise. How it flings abroad  
Its odours o'er the Christian's thorny road!  
The soul, reposing on a sure relief,  
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief;  
Forgets her labours as she toils along,  
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song."—[*Canada Ecc. Rec.*

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**THE MAINE LAW.**—The Maine law is to be agitated in Wisconsin at the next election, and meetings have been held there to take measures to secure its adoption by the state. The Maine law has also been introduced into the Canadian parliament.

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**THE OREGON LAND LAW.**—The Oregon land law, it is said, operates injuriously upon the interests of that country. It gives a mile square to each settler, and scatters the population too much to enjoy the benefits which concentrated society gives. Every body in the country, married before a given date, being entitled to a given amount of land, the whole territory was astir on that subject, and in some cases girls of fourteen, thirteen, twelve, and even eleven, were married.



## Poetry.

[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

## ODE TO THE SUPREME BEING.

The following SUBLIME ODE to the Supreme Being is translated from the Russian. It was written by one of their most distinguished poets, Derzhaven. This ode is said to have been translated into the Chinese and Tartar Languages, written on rich silk and suspended in the Imperial Palace at Peking. The Emperor of Japan had it translated into the Japanese, embroidered in gold, and hung up in the Temple of Jeddo. It is gratifying to learn, that these nations have done themselves the honour to bestow those honours on this noble composition.

We believe that no man, however powerful his intellect or sublime his imagination, unacquainted with Holy Writ, ever did, or ever will, compose so exalted a poem. It abounds in scriptural allusion. The finest parts of the ode were written when the soul of the author, perhaps unconsciously, was wrapt in contemplation of passages in the Bible. One of the most exquisite verses in the poem, is that where the poet, fleeing from the nothingness of humanity, takes shelter in the gloriously consoling idea that the Divine Spirit shines in his spirit, "As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew." Immediately after, follow the words, "In thee I live and breathe and dwell." Is it not manifest that the whole of this sublimely beautiful passage is borrowed from Acts xvii. 28? "In him we live, and move, and have our being."

## G O D .

1. O Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright  
     All space doth occupy—all motion guide;  
     Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight,  
     Thou only God! There is no God beside.  
     Being above all beings! Mighty One!  
     Whom none can comprehend and none explore;  
*Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone;*  
     Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—  
*Being whom we call God—and know no more!*
2. In its sublime research, philosophy  
     May measure out the ocean deep—may count  
     The sands, or the sun's rays—but, God! for thee  
     There is no weight nor measure; none can mount  
     Up to thy mysteries; reason's brightest spark,  
     Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try  
     To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;  
*And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,*  
     Even like past moments in eternity.
3. Thou from primeval nothingness didst call  
     First, chaos, then existence—*Lord, on thee*  
*Eternity had its foundation:* all  
     Sprang forth from thee;—of light, joy, harmony,  
     Sole origin—all life, all beauty, thine.  
     Thy word created all, and doth create;  
     Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine,  
     Thou art, and wert, and shalt be glorious! great!  
     Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

4. *Thy chains the unmeasur'd Universe surround ;*  
 Upheld by Thee, by thee inspir'd with breath !  
 Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,  
*And beautifully mingled life and death !*  
 As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,  
 So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee !  
 And as the spangles in the sunny rays  
 Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry  
 Of Heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.
5. A million torches lighted by Thy hand,  
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss ;  
 They own thy power, accomplish thy command,  
 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss,  
 What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light ?  
 A glorious company of golden streams ?  
 Lamps of celestial ether burning bright ?  
 Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams ?  
 But Thou to these art as the noon to night.
6. Yes ! as a drop of water in the sea,  
 All this magnificence in thee is lost :—  
 What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee ?  
 And what am I then ? Heaven's unnumbered host,  
 Though multiplied by myriads, and array'd  
 In all the glory of sublimest thought,  
 Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd  
 Against Thy greatness—is a cypher brought  
 Against infinity ! What am I then ?—Nought.
7. Nought !—But the effluence of thy light divine,  
 Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too ;  
*Yes, in my spirit doth thy Spirit shine,*  
*As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.*  
 Nought ! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly,  
 Eager towards thy presence ; for in Thee  
 I live, and breathe, and dwell ; aspiring high,  
 Ev'n to the throne of thy divinity,  
*I am, O God ! and surely THOU MUST BE !*
8. Thou art ! directing, guiding all, Thou art :  
 Direct my understanding then to Thee ;  
 Control my spirit, guide my wand'ring heart ;  
 'Though but an atom 'midst immensity,  
 Still I am something fashioned by thy hand !  
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,  
 On the last verge of mortal being stand,  
 Close to the realms where angels have their birth,  
*Just on the boundaries of the spirit land !*
9. The chain of being is complete in me ;  
 In me as matter's last gradation lost,  
 And the next step is spirit—Deity !  
 I can command the lightning, and am dust !  
 A monarch, and a slave ; a worm, a god !  
 Whence came I here, and how ? so marvellous  
 Constructed and conceived unknown ? *This clod*  
*Lives surely through some higher energy ;*  
 For from himself alone it could not be.

10. Creator! Yes! Thy wisdom and thy word  
 Created *me!* Thou source of life and good!  
 Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!  
 Thy light, thy love, in thy bright plenitude,  
 Fill'd me with an immortal soul, to spring  
 Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear  
 The garments of eternal day, and wing  
 Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,  
 Even in its source—to Thee—its Author there.

11. O thought ineffable! O visions blest!  
 Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,  
 Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,  
 And waft its homage to thy Deity.  
 God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;  
 Thus seek thy presence—Being wise and good!  
 'Midst thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;  
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more,  
*The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.*

Philadelphia, Pa., May 15, 1851.

#### MISSIONARY LONGINGS.

BY REV. N. BROWN.

My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange  
 And secret whisper to my spirit, like  
 A dream of night, that tells me I am on  
 Enchanted ground. Why live I here? The vows  
 Of God are on me, and I may not stop  
 To play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers,  
 Till I my work have done, and rendered up  
 Account. The voice of my departed Lord,  
 "Go, teach all nations," from the Eastern world  
 Comes on the night air, and awakes my ear.

And I will go. I may no longer doubt  
 To give up friends, and home, and idle hopes,  
 And every tie that binds my heart  
 To thee, my country! Why should I regard  
 Earth's little store of borrowed sweets? I sure  
 Have had enough of bitter in my cup  
 To show that never was it his design,  
 Who placed me here, that I should live in ease,  
 Or drink at pleasure's fountain.

Henceforth, then,  
 It matters not if storm or sunshine be  
 My earthly lot; bitter or sweet my cup;  
 I only pray God fit me for the work;

God make me holy, and my spirit nerve  
 For the stern hour of strife. Let me but know  
 There is an arm unseen that holds me up,  
 An eye that kindly watches all my path,  
 Till I my weary pilgrimage have done—  
 Let me but know I have a friend that waits  
 To welcome me to glory, and I joy  
 To tread the dark and death-fraught wilderness.

And when I come to stretch me for the last,  
 In unattended agony, beneath  
 The cocoa's shade, or lift my dying eyes  
 From Afric's burning sand, it will be sweet  
 That I have toiled for other worlds than this:  
 I know I shall feel happier than to die  
 On softer bed. And if I should reach heaven—  
 If one that hath so deeply, darkly sinned—  
 If one whom ruin and revolt have held  
 With such a fearful grasp—if one for whom  
 Satan has struggled as he hath for me  
 Should ever reach that blissful shore, oh, how  
 This heart will flame with gratitude and love!  
 And through the ages of eternal years,  
 Thus saved, my spirit never shall repent  
 That toil and suffering once were mine below.

#### GIVING.

The sun gives ever; so the earth—  
 What it can give, so much 'tis worth;  
 The ocean gives in many ways—  
 Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays;  
 So, too, the air, it gives us breath—  
 When it stops giving, comes in death.  
 Give, give, be always giving;  
 Who gives not, is not living.  
 The more you give,  
 The more you live.

God's love hath in us wealth upheaped;  
 Only by giving it is reaped.  
 The body withers—and the mind,  
 If pent in by a selfish rind. [give self;  
 Give strength, give thought, give deeds,  
 Give love, give tears, and give thyself.  
 Give, give, be always giving;  
 Who gives not, is not living.  
 The more we give,  
 The more we live.



(From the Evangelical Repository.)

## SPECIMEN OF A NEW VERSION OF THE PSALMS.

BY REV J. G. WILSON.

## PSALM I. L. M.

- 1 Blest is the man who never tries  
The plans ungodly men advise;  
From sinful ways withdraws his feet,  
And never takes the scorner's seat.
- 2 But in the law of God delights;  
And spends his days, and cheers his nights,  
By silent musings in the word,  
And fervent sighing for the Lord.
- 3 He shall be like a tree that grows  
Where a refreshing river flows;  
Whose fruit is in its season seen,  
Whose leaf is ever fresh and green.
- 4 His pious labours shall succeed,  
And he shall prosper in his deed;  
The wicked no such blessings find,  
Driven like chaff before the wind.
- 5 Th' ungodly therefore shall not stand  
In judgment with the righteous band;  
Nor sinners rise again from dust  
In the assembly of the just.
- 6 JEHOVAH doth with favour know  
The way in which the righteous go;  
But ways by the ungodly trod  
Shall perish in the day of God.

## NOTES.

V. 2. *הגה* signifies not only to *meditate*, but to *mourn* as a dove; see Jer. xxxviii. 14, to *sigh* as one whose heart is deeply and earnestly affected on account of the absence of some beloved object. I have endeavoured to give expression to this meaning in the line,

*"And fervent sighing for the Lord."*

V. 5. *קם* signifies to *rise up*, to *stand*; and to stand rather as a result of rising up. Being in the future it refers to the resurrection of the saints and their inheriting the kingdom of God, from which all wicked and ungodly persons will be excluded.

## PSALM III. 6 8s.

- 1 Lord, How my foes are multiplied!  
And many have against me stood;  
And many to my soul have said,  
"There is no help for him in God."  
The Lord, my shield and glory, nigh,  
Will lift my sinking head on high.
- 2 Thus when the Lord I did invoke,  
He heard me from his holy hill;  
I laid me down and slept; I woke:  
The Lord was my supporter still.  
Nor will I fear, though myriads should  
Beset me round in angry mood.
- 3 Arise, O Lord! save me, O God!  
For thou hast smitten all my foes  
On the cheek bone—and with thy rod  
Broke th' ungodly teeth of those.  
Salvation to the Lord pertains,  
His blessing on his saints remains.

## PSALM III. L. M.

- 1 Lord, they that trouble me increase;  
The wicked smite me with their rod;  
And many say in my distress,  
"There is no help for him in God."
- 2 Thou, Lord, my shield and glory art;  
Thou liftest up my sinking head:  
Thy strength shall nerve my fainting heart,  
And I shall on the tempter tread.
- 3 Thus, when my God I did invoke,  
He heard me from his holy hill;  
I laid me down and slept; I woke,  
For he sustained my spirit still.
- 4 Nor will I fear, though thousands rise,  
And set themselves in strong array;  
My God shall help me from the skies,  
And smite my foes with sore dismay.
- 5 God shall avenge his people's wrongs,  
And succour give to the distressed;  
Salvation unto him belongs,  
And all that wait on him are blest.

## PSALM IV. L. M.

- 1 Hear me, O God, my righteousness,  
When in my need I cry to thee:  
Thou hast enlarged me in distress,  
Hear and be merciful to me.
- 2 How long, ye sons of men, will ye  
My glory, as if shame, despise?  
How long delight in vanity?  
How long will ye seek after lies?
- 3 Know that the Lord hath set apart  
Him that is godly for his own;  
The Lord will hear when from my heart  
I make my supplications known.
- 4 Fear, and sin not—in silence vent  
Your heart's communings on your bed:  
A righteous sacrifice present,  
And trust the Lord to guard your head.
- 5 Many say, "Who will show us good?"  
Lord, on us lift thy shining face;  
Joy on my heart thou hast bestowed,  
More than when corn and wine increase.
- 6 In peace I'll lay me down and sleep,  
The Lord will be my sure defence;  
He, only, doth my spirit keep,  
And makes me dwell in confidence.

NOTE.—I am indebted to a friend for the following rendering of the fifth and sixth verses of this psalm, which the Hebrew scholar will at once perceive to be the true one:—

5. Offer the sacrifices of righteousness; and put your trust in the Lord;

6. O ye many that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift thou the light of thy countenance upon us.

In accordance with this rendering I would introduce the following three verses in place of the fourth and fifth of the foregoing versification.

- 4 Of his great power stand ye in dread;  
Nor dare transgress his sovereign will;  
Commune in silence on your bed,  
And let your troubled heart be still.
- 5 Your righteous sacrifices slay,  
And trust ye in the Lord alone;  
Ye many who profanely say,  
"Who will some good to us make known?"
- 6 Lord, thou my light and comfort art,  
O lift on us thy smiling face;  
'Twill put more gladness in my heart  
Than when their corn and wine increase.
- The sixth stanza of the former would then become the seventh in this arrangement.

## PSALM IV. L. M.

- 1 Hear me, O God, my righteousness,  
And grant me succour in my need;  
Thou hast enlarged me in distress,  
In mercy to my prayer give heed.
- 2 How long, ye sons of men, how long  
My glory will ye thus despise?  
God is my glory and my song:  
Why love ye vanity and lies?
- 3 Know that the Lord hath set apart  
The godly with himself to reign;  
Be still, and covepant with your heart;  
Revere his name; nor dare to sin.
- 4 Offer to him your songs of praise,  
And righteous sacrifices bring;  
Trust in Jehovah for his grace,  
And hide beneath his sheltering wing.
- 5 Many, forgetful of his grace,  
Say, "Who will show us any good?"  
Lord, let us see thy smiling face,  
And feed us with celestial food.
- 6 This shall our hearts with gladness fill,  
More than when earthly stores increase:  
We'll sleep and wake secure on ill;  
Jehovah makes us dwell in peace.

## PSALM V. S. M.

- 1 Hear thou my words, O Lord;  
My fervent musings weigh;  
Regard my voice, my King, my God!  
For unto thee I pray.
- 2 Lord, in the morn, my voice  
Thou shalt in praises hear;  
To thee at early dawn I'll look,  
To thee direct my prayer.
- 3 For thou art not a God  
That dost in sin delight;  
The evil shall not dwell with thee,  
Nor tarry in thy sight.
- 4 The foolish shall not stand  
Before thy searching eyes;  
And all that work iniquity,  
O, Lord, thou dost despise.
- 5 All them that falsely speak  
Thou wilt destroy, O Lord;  
The bloody and deceitful man  
Is by thy soul abhorred.
- 6 But I into thy house  
Will come through boundless grace,  
And in thy fear I'll humbly bow.  
Towards thy holy place.

- 7 Because of all my foes,  
O Lord, in righteousness  
Do thou conduct me, and make plain  
Thy way before my face.
- 8 No truth is in their mouth,  
Their inward parts are vile;  
Their throat's an open sepulchre,  
Their tongue is full of guile.
- 9 Let them be guilty, Lord,  
And by their counsel fall;  
Reject them for their numerous sins,  
For rebels are they all.
- 10 Let all that trust in thee  
Lift up a cheerful voice;  
And in thy sure defence let all  
That love thy name rejoice.
- 11 Unto the just, O Lord,  
Thy blessings shall abound;  
And by thy favour as a shield,  
He shall be compassed round.

NOTE.—v. 9. *Let them be guilty.* This is the marginal reading, and agrees with the Hebrew text.

## PSALM V. L. M.

- 1 Lord, hear my words and scan my thought,  
And grant me audience when I pray;  
To thee my offerings shall be brought  
When rosy morning brings the day.
- 2 The wicked are not thy delight,  
Nor shall the evil dwell with thee;  
Fools shall not tarry in thy sight,  
Thou hatest all iniquity.
- 3 Thou shalt destroy the lying tongue,  
And banish from thy righteous throne  
The man that does his neighbour wrong,  
The bloody and deceitful one.
- 4 But as for me, through boundless grace  
I will approach thy temple gate,  
With reverence bow before thy face,  
And worship at thy mercy seat.
- 5 O lead me in thy righteousness,  
Safe through the hosts of hell and sin;  
Make straight thy path before my face,  
And strengthen me to walk therein.
- 6 Faithless are all ungodly men,  
Their heart corrupt—their practice vile—  
Their throat a sepulchre of sin,  
Their tongue is dipt in honey'd guile.
- 7 Destroy them, Lord, and let them fall  
Into the pits themselves have made,  
But let the righteous when they call,  
Secure thy omnipresent aid.
- 8 Let all that trust in thee rejoice,  
Thy blessing shall the righteous prove;  
And shout aloud with cheerful voice,  
Shielded by everlasting love.

## PSALM VI. L. M.

- 1 In anger, Lord, rebuke me not,  
Nor chasten when thy wrath grows hot;  
Lord, pity me, I'm weak and faint;  
My bones are vexed—heal my complaint.
- 2 My soul is vexed from day to day;  
But thou, O Lord, how long delay?



Return, O Lord, my soul set free,  
And of thy mercy succour me.

- 3 None think of thee in death, and who  
Shall in the grave thy praises show?  
My groanings weary me; my bed  
Swims with the tears I nightly shed.
- 4 With tears I make my couch to flow;  
My eyes consume with wasting wo;  
And, on account of foes, they seem  
Already to grow old and dim.
- 5 I bid you all depart from me,  
Ye workers of iniquity;  
The Lord my weeping voice hath heard,  
My supplication he'll regard.
- 6 Jehovah will regard my prayer;  
And all my enemies shall fear,  
And be ashamed and turn away  
In deep confusion and dismay.

PSALM VI. L. M.

- 1 O Lord, rebuke me not in wrath;  
Nor in thy hot displeasure chide;  
A gentler way thy Spirit hath  
To chasten those who turn aside.
- 2 Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,  
And strong the power of inbred sin;  
My soul is sorely vexed,—but speak,  
And heal the malady within.
- 3 How long shall I thy absence mourn?  
For thee my longing heart doth ache:  
For my deliverance, Lord, return;  
O save me for thy mercy's sake.
- 4 In death who shall remember thee?  
Or in the grave thy praises show?  
My inward groanings weary me:  
I make my couch with tears to flow.
- 5 My eye is dim because of grief,  
So many foes disturb my rest;  
From evil workers grant relief,  
And make me in thy favour blest.
- 6 The Lord hath heard,—I have not prayed  
And wept in vain before his seat:  
My enemies shall be dismayed,  
And vexed with shame and sore defeat.

PSALM XXIII. C. P. M.

- 1 The LORD's my shepherd, by his love  
My wants shall be supplied;  
In pastures green I rest, or rove  
Where living waters gently move;  
My shepherd is my guide.
- 2 HE leads me in a righteous path,  
My soul he doth renew;  
And should I tread the vale of death,  
Its gloomy shade no terror hath,  
For THOU wilt bring me through.
- 3 Thy rod and staff forbid my dread;  
My table from thy store,  
In presence of my foes, is spread;  
Thy holy oil anoints my head,  
With bliss my cup runs o'er.
- 4 Goodness and mercy shall attend  
And keep me all my days,

And crown me at my journey's end,  
A blest eternity to spend  
In thy most holy place.

PSALM XXIX. 11s & 8s. P.

- 1 Give unto the LORD, O ye mighty, acclaim;  
Give glory and strength to the LORD!  
O give him the glory that's due to his name;  
In the beauty of holiness bow at the same,  
And worship with sweetest accord.
- 2 The voice of the LORD on the waters is heard,  
The strong God of glory doth roar:  
The depths of the ocean beneath him are stirr'd  
And heaved by the voice of his powerful word,  
In majesty roll to the shore.
- 3 The cedars of Lebanon break as a staff,  
As the voice of the LORD passes by;  
Libanus and Sirion skip as a calf,  
Or like a young unicorn bound, as the laugh  
Of his tempest is heard in the sky.
- 4 The voice of the LORD from the quiver of cloud  
Disperses his arrows of flame;  
The wilderness shakes as he thunders aloud,  
The forests of Kadesh before him are bowed,  
And open their shades to his gleam.
- 5 In the travail of fear is the hind made to calve  
At the voice of the LORD in the storm;  
He maketh his seat on the boisterous wave,  
Enthroned on the tempest he's mighty to save,  
And nothing his people can harm.
- 6 His saints in his temple shall show forth his  
praise,  
And each of his glory shall sing;  
He'll strengthen the feeble who trust in his  
grace,  
His people he'll bless with the treasures of  
peace,  
JEHOVAH for ever is king.

NOTE.

The occasion of this psalm was evidently a thunder storm, which the sweet singer of Israel, from the battlements of Zion, observes rising in the West, and lashing the Mediterranean sea into wild commotion. It then parts, and one wing of the raging elements passes north-eastward over Lebanon and Sirion, breaking the proud and lofty cedars in its course, and tossing their forests in such a manner as made the very mountains seem instinct with life. The other wing passes to the south-east, and descends on the wilderness of Kadesh, whose deepest shades are illuminated by the incessant flashes of vivid lightning; and the beasts of the forest are startled and appalled by the roar and crash of repeated thunder. The force of the storm is thus turned aside from Jerusalem, and the land of Israel is watered with a genial and refreshing shower.

In all this the eye of the inspired Psalmist sees the LORD and hears his voice. His step rocks the sea into commotion; His chariot breaks the cedars, and the mountains leap at his approach. The roar of the thunder is His voice, and the lightnings are the coruscations of His glory. He rides upon the storm, and rules the boisterous winds. Confiding in Him, his people feel secure, and calmly and thankfully wait the issue.



## Miscellaneous.

[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

### A TOUR AMONG THE HIMMALEH MOUNTAINS.

MY DEAR MR. WYLIE,—I know you have long been expecting to hear something more particular than you have yet heard, about our tour in the Himmaleh mountains in September and October last. Without any apology for allowing so much time to elapse before sending you this, I proceed to furnish you with a statement of "facts and thoughts," about that hitherto unexplored field of missionary labour, which from their novelty may be interesting to some of the readers of the Banner.

Travelling in all countries has its peculiarities. On the *plains* of India it is very different from what it is on the plains of Europe or America, and the same is not less true of journeying in the mountains. A tour in the Himmalehs is different from one in any other mountains in the world, and I question much whether the tourist of the Scottish Highlands, the Alps, or even the Rocky Mountains, would not find his former experience ignored, and his theories upset, by a trip from Landour to Gangotré. But besides natural peculiarities and variety of circumstances in different localities, there is often a great difference of opinion among individuals about the same places and circumstances, that have been equally observable by all. The geologist in such a trip would see nothing but earth and rocks, stratifications and combinations of the primitive materials that constitute our globe. The botanist, leaving the substance, would dwell upon the productions of the earth, and describe in detail every variety of vegetable organization, from the stately oak and towering pine, down to the most diminutive lichen or semi-existent parasite. The painter would tell only of fine views, and the number of sketches he had been able to procure. The hunter and sportsman of the splendid "*practice*" the poor animals had afforded them. It is not therefore to be expected that a missionary's journal will treat of all these subjects. In my own case it would be quite impracticable. Hence I shall content myself with as little as possible of the natural, and dwell more on the condition of the inhabitants of these mountain regions.

We left Landour on the 18th of September. This was the earliest practicable date for starting after the cessation of the "rains," and many weather-gazers predicted that we should get thoroughly drenched before the end of the month. Contrary to their predictions, however, we did not get a shower till we returned, with the exception of a few drops occasionally from clouds formed by the melting of the snow in the heat of the day, and which usually fell again during the night in snow upon the summits of the hills.

The preparations for our journey occupied but a short time. Every thing in the way of provisions, bedding and books, had to be carried upon men's backs. The carriers are hill-men, and are accustomed to carry from 50 to 60 lbs. in a kind of oblong basket placed on the shoulders, and under this load go from 12 to 16 miles daily, with the greatest ease. The general direction of the road from Landour to Gangotré, is north-east, though subject at points to variations. The kind of road is what the natives call a "*pak-dandy*," a path like a sheep-track, winding round the slopes of the hills, descending and ascending, &c. &c., according to circumstances. It is only passable for horses for the distance of about five miles from Landour. Throughout all the rest of the way, a horse, even a hill pony, has scarcely ever been seen. European travellers usually perform most of the journey on foot. But in case of invalids, fat men, and all who prefer ease to fatigue, a conveyance is procurable, called a "*dandy*." It is just a kind of sailor's hammock, swung to a pole, and carried on two men's shoulders, having another set of men to relieve them when fatigued. Most people sit upright in the dandy, the feet hanging over and supported by a kind of stirrup, but others again lie down in it and commit themselves in perfect security to the care of the sure-footed mountaineers. Besides the "*dandy*," there is another method of assisting

the *corpulent*. A broad belt is passed around the waist, to this a rope is fastened, and three or four men going before pull, while one pushes behind. This is resorted to in places where the dandy is of no use, such as in making a very abrupt ascent. It is also used in descending similar places, but in the latter case, it is to keep the subject from precipitation, or injuring and fatiguing himself by the violence of his own "ponderosity." We were provided with "dandies," and brother C. with a "*piti*," or belt and rope. My dandy was not much used, and brother C.'s as little as possible. You know he is not a man disposed to spare himself; very few men of his size and at his age, would ever attempt such an undertaking. His indomitable courage, however, carried him through the difficulties of the journey without a murmur, and though dandy and *piti* were both frequently in requisition, yet he performed a large part of the trip on foot.

If you could imagine us then proceeding through those precipitous defiles, along a path which forbade "two abreast to pass," and could follow us the journey of one day, you would have a good idea of the whole. We always got up and dressed by candle-light, and as soon as the path became visible, sallied out in "Indian file," ourselves leading the way, and the people with the baggage bringing up the rear. In some places the morning march was unpleasant, owing to the heavy dew on the grass. This was chiefly during the first part of the journey; as we got higher up we were less troubled with long grass. By 8 or 9 o'clock we had usually reached a suitable "breakfast ground;" there by means of a flint, steel, and dried cotton, the Paharis (mountaineers,) speedily kindled a fire, and in about half an hour we had a comfortable breakfast of tea and "*chipatoes*," (unleavened cakes of wheat meal.) We had now the greater part of the journey over, and remained usually at the same place till after dinner, spending the interval as I shall presently tell you. The remainder of the journey we performed in the cool of the evening, and usually reached our tenting ground some time before it grew dark. Our tent was a small affair, so light that one man carried it, and just large enough to hold our beds, with a small space between. Our "*charpais*," or bedsteads, were so light that one man carried both. I might here remark, in passing, that for ease and comfort there is no bed in the world to be preferred to the Indian "*charpai*," (or thing of four feet.) It yields to pressure every where, and leaves no part of the body unsupported. I never slept better in my life, nor felt more the necessity of it than during this tour. The *charpai* I slept on cost me about 20 cents; it is bottomed with an elastic cord made of a species of grass, and adapts itself to its burden like a bed filled with air. Proceeding in this way, we reached Gangouré on the evening of Oct. 6th. We divided the distance into 15 marches.

It is difficult to tell the exact distance by the road we went from Landour to Gangouré. I think it cannot be less than 160 miles. The only way we had of counting distance was by the time occupied on the march. The "*kos*" is the "unit of measure" among the Paharis, and if you ask a man "how far is it to such a place?" he will reply, "one, two or three," (as the case may be,) "long kos," and again, the same number of "very short kos." The "*kos*" varies in length in different parts of Hindustan. In the Saharanpur district it is about one and a quarter miles. Among the mountains we found it to mean just the distance that a "Pahari" marches between his times of smoking, in other words between one smoking place and another. Now the smoking place is regulated entirely by the occurrence of hill streams. The shady bank of a mountain stream in the Himmalehs constitutes a most delightful retreat from the rays of a scorching sun, and the burdened mountaineers in such places invariably lay down their load, smoke their "hookah," and drink water, previously to proceeding on their journey. In all countries hill people seem to have little idea of distance. You must have heard of the Scotch "bittock;" a Himmaleh "*kos*" is something similar.



Three marches from Landour is the summit of the ridge called Moriana, that separates the tributaries of the Jumna from those of the Ganges. One of the former, called the "Aglwar," is a beautiful stream, which we ascended for some distance. On the low swampy banks rice is extensively cultivated. The rice of this valley is said to be of the very best description. From the top of Moriana down to the Ganges is a very abrupt descent, and is sufficient for one day's journey. The remainder of our road was by the course of the Ganges. At several points the road is very bad. Sometimes we were obliged to pass around projections of rock, the only path being over a couple of planks supported by beams driven into crevices in the rock, the foaming Ganges being perpendicularly below us, at a distance of several hundred feet. At other places there is danger from the nature of the foot-path. It is only a few inches in breadth, and slanting at a sharp angle towards the river, and frequently so slippery that it is difficult to walk on it. This was one of Mr. Campbell's greatest trials. He was so heavy that he was constantly in danger of slipping. A kind Providence, however, so watched over us that notwithstanding the difficulties and dangers of the journey we sustained no injury whatever, not so much as a blistered foot. The latter is the common complaint of mountain tourists, but if they would all do as we did, they would be less troubled in this respect. We wore woollen socks and "ammunition buskins." These latter are made of strong English leather with double soles, and are sent from England for the use of the army in this country.

The great variety which such a journey presents is extremely agreeable, and combined with the effects of a pure atmosphere, wholesome food, and such abundant exercise, invariably produced the most beneficial results in persons who, as we were, are labouring under the effects of disease contracted in the plains.

The Himmaleh mountains do not lie in regular ranges, but seem thrown together in a confused mass. Still there is something like a plan, or rather the effect of *one* great Cause observable in the formation and location of most of them. Almost every mountain seems independent of every one else, as if they had originally entertained some wild notions of democratic equality, and felt unwilling to submit to occupy positions of inferiority beside and in subordination to their neighbours. We do, however, find a partial connexion occasionally subsisting, and see a towering summit supported by a few peaks of less pretensions, but never so as to deserve the appellation of a chain or range. The lay of these hills we traversed is generally from N. East to S. West. You must not then imagine that in going to the snowy regions of the Himmaleh, we cross range after range, ascending as we go. Our course is up, down, and around, here, there and every where, throughout this confederacy of independent summits. It might here be observed, that the mountains are the only thing in Hindostan that gives one an idea of liberty; every thing else is subject to the laws of caste, and enslaved to immemorial custom. The northern side of the hill is generally thickly wooded. The southern side is bare, being exposed to the direct rays of the sun and other influences prejudicial to the growth of plants. Where the southern side is sheltered by the contiguity of another hill, it is as thickly wooded as on the northern side. Vast forests of pine grow on these hills, that are entirely lost for want of the means of transportation to the plains. Almost every species of forest tree flourishes here, as there are elevations suitable to all. Fruits too are abundant. The mango grows four marches beyond Landour, though at a lower elevation. Walnuts are plenty every where. Higher up apricots are very abundant, and in the region of Gangotrie, wild gooseberries and currants are found on every hill-side. The shrubbery is most beautiful and abundant, and every variety of wild flowers and grasses flourishes apace. Animals as well as plants find in these hills ample scope for their various instincts. The bear is of all others the most formidable to the inhabitants. He commits great havoc among their



crops and in their gardens, and as they are ill provided with fire arms he often goes unmolested. We met with many men who had been roughly handled by the bears. They seem to have a strange propensity to pick out men's noses. In one case we saw the eyes taken out and the nose left, but several had their noses taken off and the eyes left entire. They told us that whenever the nose is off the bear seems satisfied and scampers off. Hyenas and leopards are also troublesome. The tiger too comes up into the lower hills. Deer of various kinds abound; the most remarkable is the musk deer, which inhabits the higher regions near the snows. It is very plentiful around Gangoutri, and very valuable on account of the "musk ball" it yields. Each ball is of value here for about eight dollars, and in America or England must bring much more. The rajah of this region exacts from the villagers so many musk balls yearly, as revenue. The musk ball is only found in males of more than two years old. The burrel a (species of sheep) is also found on the summits of these hills. We brought the horns of an animal of this species, ("the *King*") which is found in Ladák and other places beyond the snowy ranges. They are the largest specimens I have ever seen, and I hope they will find their way to the museum some day or other.—I commenced with the idea of confining myself chiefly to the people of the hills, and our intercourse with them. I find I have dwelt too long on other subjects, and must be brief on what remains. Well, then, as to the people. Who are they? I speak only of those on our line of march. They are Hindoos, the same race as the Hindoos of northern Hindostan, among whom we dwell. They speak the Hindu language, though of course much provincialized. In the higher villages along the extreme border of human habitations, they are chiefly Rajpoots, the warrior tribe, who I suppose have been placed on the outskirts, for the purpose of protecting the border against incursions from beyond the snows. In these days, however, these border warfares have ceased, and under the protection of the strong arm of the "Company" the people enjoy the blessings of peace. Some of their rude forts still stand, built upon heights accessible only by paths fit for mountaineers. In the village of Dareali there is one of these old places, the only ascent to which is on the sharp edge of a bare rock, the slightest false step on which would precipitate one to a distance of many hundred feet. Such a place, if occupied by a dozen of resolute men with rifles in their hands, might bid defiance to any force of trans-Himalayan warriors. Dareali is the village nearest to the temple at Gangoutri, and the inhabitants are all Rajpoots, and as brave-looking men as I ever looked upon. In the lower villages there is more of a mixture of castes. The chief pursuits of the people are husbandry and keeping flocks. In pursuing the former they have terraced the hills to a great extent, though by no means to the extent they are capable of. They irrigate these terraces by leading the mountain streams from slope to slope. The soil of these terraces is in most places very rich, and produces excellent crops. This is, however, the result of cultivation, as originally there could have been nothing but the barren mountain side to begin upon. They raise rice, wheat, maize, barley, and several species of a grain, the generic name of which is Mársi. The most common and useful species are bátú and choulái. It is a little round seed, which when ground makes a very wholesome kind of food. I have tried cakes of it, but did not relish them. Buckwheat is also pretty extensively cultivated; the natives call it "pápera." We had some very good buckwheat cakes, but the natives don't understand how to grind it properly.

Their flocks consist of cows, sheep and goats. The cow is a small species, and gives very little milk; but I suppose would make excellent beef. The sheep and goats are of a good kind, and are in this part of the world the most useful of all animals. The sheep and goats perform all the carrying trade between the table land of Thibet and the mountains this side of the snows. Immense flocks of these are engaged in bringing salt from Thibet, and in re-

turning take with them loads of rice, wheat, &c. &c. A strong sheep carries from fifty to sixty pounds; the ordinary load is from thirty to forty pounds. The sheep carry more than the goats. The load is laid over the back in a bag divided in the middle, so as to give an equal weight on both sides. A string is passed around the neck to prevent the load from falling off behind, and another passed round behind, to prevent the load falling forward. Thus accoutred, the patient little animals march daily about twelve miles over roads where their drivers can scarcely follow them. The first flock of this kind I saw was in charge of a Thibetian woman, quite a character in her way. I must tell you of our acquaintance with her. We came up with her on a Saturday evening, and encamped to spend the Sabbath close to where she and her flock were resting. Struck with the novelty of the sight, I immediately went over to have a talk with her. I found she was accompanied by her son, a boy of about fourteen years of age, and a man from this side of the snows in the capacity of servant. She conversed very well in Hindustani, and had the regular Mongol features, and was quite a "Bloomer" in her dress. By the way, the costume of the hill females is just that of Mrs. Bloomer, as I have seen it in the "Illustrated London News," with the exception of the head dress. Hence there is nothing new under the sun. The ladies of Central and Himalayan Asia have been Bloomers from time immemorial, though doubtless the material and some little details of "cut" may be different from the American. Next morning when I came out of our tent I observed the fair Thibetian loading her animals and preparing to be off. Immediately after I saw her encountered by a couple of men from the village nearest us, and understood that they were making some demand with which she was unwilling to comply. I inquired the cause of dispute, when I was informed that the woman's husband had been killed at the place a day or two before, and that she had left the body unburied in the field of one of these men, and that they wanted her to pay for the nuisance to which they were subjected. I suspected it might be a scheme to defraud the woman, so I called the men and desired them to take me to see the dead body. Before I made this request they said the body was close to our tent, but they now said it was a long distance. I told them I must see the body, far or near; so they took me away down the hill, terrace after terrace, for nearly a mile, and then said, pointing to an awful precipice over which they knew I could not look, that the body had been hurled down over that. I felt pretty confident it was all deception, but could then do nothing. In the mean time the woman had proceeded on her journey without molestation. In the afternoon I again went out for a walk by the banks of the adjacent stream, and following its course I came to a solitary spot, where I found the body of a man, about half burned, and thrown into the stream. I examined the face, and at once recognised the Thibetian features. The Zemindars knew very well where the body was, and had taken me in an entirely opposite direction in the morning. I now had them called, and took them to task for deceiving me. They acknowledged their fault, but I am sure they would just do the same thing over again any day, so deceitful is the native character. They now told me that the man had fallen down a precipice three days before, and was killed, and that his wife had left him as I found him. Mr. C. and I had very strong suspicions that she and the man who accompanied her as a servant, had murdered the husband, as there was not the least likelihood of his having been accidentally killed in the place pointed out to us. What strengthened our suspicions was the fact that the woman never mentioned the deceased to me, though I talked with her some time about her family, &c. &c., and the whole of the people seemed to have conspired to keep us ignorant of the entire matter.

I have no doubt many murders are committed in this country that remain undiscovered, from the practice of immolation. A post-mortem examination of burnt bones and ashes will not disclose much.

(To be continued.)



**Foreign Missions.**

[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

## EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A MISSIONARY.

BY REV. J. CALDWELL.

June 2, 1852. This evening, at our church in the city, collected a crowd of hearers by entering into conversation with a learned Brahmin from Marwar, on the subject of Astronomy. Having gained my object with regard to collecting an audience, I changed the subject for one of infinitely more importance, by intimating that the science which taught us the movements of the heavenly bodies was of comparatively easy acquisition; but that which led us to the knowledge of salvation required deep research. This opened the way for explaining to them the plan of redemption through the Lord Jesus Christ. My audience listened apparently with deep attention, except that the Brahmin once or twice seemed disposed to revert to the first subject. Shall I, in eternity, meet with any of those who this evening heard from me the words of eternal life?

4th. Had a discussion this evening with a number of Hindus, on the subject of divine revelation. I asked what we would most naturally suppose would be the character of a revelation from God? Would it not be consistent with his own divine perfections? This was agreed to. Well, what did their shasters tell us of God, of his character, his works? Did they not represent him as unable to perfect the work of creation without assistance, and how could this account comport with the fact of his being *sarbsaktiman*, possessed of all power? To these queries they had nothing to reply. Pointed out several other particulars, in each of which the Hindu shasters misrepresented the character of God. I then took occasion to animadvert on the character of their own deities as exhibited in their shasters. While they were quite unable to say any thing to the purpose in justification of the conduct of their gods, they appeared at the same time not by any means to be convinced of the absurdity of paying them religious homage.

6th, Sabbath. Baptized the wife of one of our assistants this morning. The Lord in infinite mercy grant that she may be indeed a true disciple of the Lord Jesus. This individual had been a candidate for baptism for more than a year, and had been several times examined by the session with the view of admitting her to that ordinance, but her knowledge of Christianity and of scriptural teaching seemed to be so very limited, that we never felt at liberty to receive her into the church till a short time ago, when her examination on two occasions was, on the whole, pretty satisfactory.—In the morning preached in Hindustani, on the subject of man's character by nature, from Eccles. vii. 29, and in the evening in English, from Isaiah liii. 5.

7th. At the city church this evening, a Brahmin undertook to prove the Pantheism, a very favourite dogma of Hindus. One of his illustrations was to this effect. A thousand lamps may be lighted from one, and yet that one lose nothing of its own brightness. So God may divide himself into an infinity of forms without any decrease of his nature, and such he urged was the fact. He was told that God is holy, while our souls are unholy and vile, and then asked how could our souls be parts of God? His reply I do not remember, but after endeavouring to set him right on this point, I took occasion to explain to him and the crowd that had assembled to hear the discussion, the only way of access to God—his infi-



nite kindness—not willing that any should perish, nor taking delight in the death of the sinner.

23d. Had a visit this morning from a young Mahommedan pilgrim, just returned, as he stated, from Mecca. He exhibited some articles that he had brought with him, in his estimation of a very sacred character. One was a small flask filled with water, from the well Zamzam, near the Caaba at Mecca, sometimes called “Hagar’s well.” This water it seems, on account of its great virtue, is applied to the eyes and materially improves the sight! Another article was a string of beads made of earth, taken from the spot where Husain, one of the sons of Ali, was killed in battle. The curiosity connected with these beads is, that they become the colour of blood as often as the death of Husain is commemorated, which is done on the 10th of Muharrim. I have kept one of the beads with the view of proving the falsity of the assertion. A third thing was a few yards of cotton cloth, on which was printed some verses of the Quran. This was to be used as a shroud for a dead body. Its great use is, according to the Mahommedan account, to enable the individual just interred to reply to the two angels that are sent to interrogate him as to his faith. It appears that the individual who is unable to answer those angels satisfactorily, is beaten to pieces with a large club of iron. But if this shroud is used to wrap the body, the angels are perfectly satisfied, and ask the dead man no questions about his being a good mussulman, or any thing of that sort. This young pilgrim mentioned his having paid his respects to the black stone in the Caaba. It would seem that this stone, which fell from heaven in Abraham’s time, was at first quite white, but has become black by the frequent kissing of the pilgrims, who in the act of applying their lips to its surface, part with all their sins, and thus the stone has changed its colour! There is still a small spot of white appearing in it and when that vanishes, the day of judgment may be expected. Several other marvellous things are related by a young Hâji, but the above may serve as a specimen. The mussulmans seem to regard Mecca and its temple very much in the same light that the Papists and Greeks do Jerusalem and its holy places. O may the good Lord hasten the time when both Eastern and Western Anti-Christ shall cease to be barriers to the spread of the everlasting gospel.

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THE LATE REV. SAMUEL B. WYLIE, D. D.

October 13th, 1852, departed this life, in the living hope of a blessed immortality, the Rev. Samuel B. Wylie, senior pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.

“Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?” An able, learned, and good man, indeed, has this day fallen in our Israel,—himself an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile. He lived to a good old age,—lived usefully; and, full of days, in the bosom of his family, and in peace with God and man, “fell asleep in Jesus.”

The Rev. Samuel B. Wylie, at the time of his decease, had entered on his 80th year, having been born May 24, 1773. Ireland,—the Emerald Isle, the country of Usher, of Boyle, of Leland, of Berkeley, of Burke, of Grattan, of Magee, and a long line of other illustrious names,—a country which he never ceased to love,—was the land of his nativity. His Creator bestowed upon him a constitution of body and mind of great firmness and vigour. Capable of great mental labour, he feared not for the

results of that labour upon his outward frame, and of that labour he was not frugal. With the exception of occasional violent attacks of excruciating head-ache, of more than ordinary duration, under which, in his own manner of humility, earnestness and devotion, he would pray, "O, stay thy rough wind in the day of the east wind,"—he was greatly blessed with health.

Early in life he entered upon a course of study, and from its commencement he did nothing in it by halves. His purpose was to master every subject of which he laid hold, while his perseverance was in full correspondence with the determination and vigour of his mind. Thus, well prepared, he entered the classes in the University of Glasgow. Into the learned university of his native land—there was then no Belfast or Londonderry College—he could not be admitted, except upon terms which his soul abhorred—the recognition, under the solemnity of an oath, of George III. as the Church's head. Presbyterian Scotland, without any such condition, opened the doors of her educational halls to the youth of every name and every creed. In the University of Glasgow, our departed friend, with diligence, ability, and the decided approbation of his professors, pursued his course in the several classes, until, with distinguished honours, he received the master's degree in the arts.

Upon his arrival in the U. S. in 1797, in company with his fellow-student and bosom friend, the late venerable Dr. Black, of Pittsburgh, he found employment for his well-trained mind as an instructor in the University of Pennsylvania. In that institution, long celebrated for its thorough learning, both of these talented young strangers found employment and literary companionship congenial with their minds and habits. In June, 1779, they, in company with another of kindred spirit, the late Dr. Alexander M'Leod, of New York, having with great approbation passed through the appointed trials before presbytery, were licensed as probationers for the ministry of reconciliation, in the Reformed Presbyterian Church. Thus it appears that our venerable friend, now called from us, was more than fifty-three years in the public service of the Church of God, and of those years he was more than fifty-one the pastor of the church in which he was first settled. With what ability and faithfulness he fulfilled the duties of that relation, we now leave to that large and flourishing congregation, and its large and numerous colonies found under distinct organizations,\* in the several parts of the city, to tell. The old and venerable elders and members of this first church—at present left in charge of the younger and excellent son of our departed friend, and who, for some past years, as junior pastor, was the worthy colleague of his venerable father,—these old men, we say, can furnish the materials of an interesting history of this establishment for the past half century, and they can tell the story of the abundant and able labours of their late beloved and revered minister.

Till his latest year—we were about to say, till his latest day—Dr. Wylie was a laborious student, and that in the higher departments of literature and science. Could his large and well selected library, rich in the treasures of ancient and modern lore, speak, it would tell of his mental toils, the industry of his late and early hours, and the valuable spoils that from its pages he carried away. But of all this there are living voices to give ample testimony. Upon this the *Alumni* of the Universi-

\* Four, if not six, distinct congregations have originated from this first church.



ty of Pennsylvania are not backward to speak. Visit them in the various departments of educated life, at the bar, upon the bench of justice, in the halls of legislation, in the chair of state, in the professors' chairs; or go to the abodes of suffering humanity, where disease is met by the physician's skill, or to the sanctuary where the ministers of God proclaim the message of Heaven, and explain the contents of the sacred record,—and you will have proof of what we say. These, all of these will affectionately tell you of their obligations to this distinguished man, for the instructions given by him, either in the chair of the University, or in that of the theological hall.

After an eulogium, of no common character, upon the talents, ripe scholarship, and long and able services of Dr. Wylie, as Professor and Vice Provost of the University, by the trustees, on the occasion of his resignation of the chair he had so long and so honourably filled, it was but just to record "their conviction and their firm belief, that to his learning and abilities and deservedly exalted character for moral and intellectual worth, this University is in a large degree indebted for its reputation, success, and usefulness." This testimonial they gave, and placed it on their record; at the same time, they honoured him by the appointment of "Emeritus Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in the University."

Our reference to Dr. Wylie has chiefly been as an able, learned, and laborious friend of literature and science; and these are high qualities, fitting their possessor to occupy high places in the social scale. He, however, had other characteristics. His attributes of moral character were no less elevated than those of his intellectual; but the narrative of both must be left to the fidelity of his biographer. We may, nevertheless, say, that his heart was as tender and warm as his mind was vigorous and full. Under the generous impulses of that heart his hand was ever open, the strings of his purse untied, and the doors of his house unlatched. By ungrateful or unprincipled imposition he may repeatedly have suffered; but he willingly preferred the losses attendant upon the imposture of others to the servitude of a suspicious temper in himself. To the self-inflicted torture of such a temper he was a total stranger. Though a firm, humble and penitent believer in the deep depravity of our nature, yet, as regarded others, except to warn against sin and danger, he loved not to fix his mental eye upon the dark, deformed side of fallen humanity. His delight was rather to contemplate it on the fairer side. To human infirmity, especially when found in the neighbourhood of integrity, he was tenderly indulgent. His own moral rectitude was firm, and towards himself even severe. With what he considered morally wrong, he could make no compromise. His piety of heart was tender and intense; and few, if any, ever came under his influence without feeling this to be so; and how many have profited by it, a future day will tell. His retiring delicacy was extreme; his friends thought unduly so. This arose neither from incompetency of expression, for few had a more ready command of a happy utterance, nor from a cautious desire, on important subjects, to conceal his views, for he had nothing of the double-minded man. He was, as we have said before, an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile. An innate opposition to arrogance, and detestation of pretension, he seemed to cherish upon principle.

As a minister of Christ, universal testimony said he was an able expounder of the word of God. In sermonizing, his great aim was truly and impressively to unfold and exhibit important thought. His ample



stores of knowledge furnished him with material for happy illustration of the lively oracles. And though in his voice there might not be much of that silver tone which, as mere sound, falls pleasantly upon the ear, yet in it there was never wanting the strength of a manly power, marked by an earnestness of manner that told of the importance of the subject, and, imbued with the tender sentiments of a feeling heart, sanctified by the truth, left few who heard him unaffected by his discussions, or indifferent to his matter. He was a theologian of the old orthodox school, which, when well understood, saves from the narrow-heartedness of the little partyism of little minds. He saw and appreciated intellectual, moral, and spiritual worth, wherever found. In his constitution, candour was a commanding element.

The truth and spirituality of his religion, too, made him an ardent advocate of the rights of man. At an early period of his life, the casting of himself on the side of those rights, against oppression, exposed him to perils in his native land. With the republican principles of his adopted country he found his own sentiments at once to identify. Upon this subject, he was a stranger to the pain that accompanies the transition from one set of principles to another. Such transition he had not to make.—In his politics, as in his religion, his principles were on the side of God and man. Of his early agency, along with others, in the breaking of the fetters that bound the wronged sons of Africa, and in the removal of the stain of slavery from the robes of his church, he never repented. Love to God and man was, he well knew, the sum of duty taught by the law, the prophets, the apostles, and by the Lord himself.

But our remarks must not be prolonged. The voice of this father in Israel is now hushed in the silence of death. No more shall it be heard in the sanctuary of God on earth. No longer, in the temple below, with him will those sweet hours of the communion of saints to us return. But there is a *rest* into which before us, it is trusted, he has entered, and a higher communion than that afforded upon earth, he enjoys. There is "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." There immortal spirits dwell, and act, and enjoy the companionship of the general assembly and church of the first-born, while the redeemed dust of the bodies of those sainted spirits rests in hope of a happy return to life. There shall be a resurrection of the just.

Such thoughts as these, in our days and nights of sorrow, bring consolation to the wounded spirit. Who in days of darkness has not felt this to be a reality? The telegraphic annunciation, in these words, "Dr. Wylie is just falling asleep in Jesus," and another, not long after, assuring that his ransomed spirit had entered into rest, fell heavily upon the heart, and made it sad. The mental records of an unbroken confidential friendship of more than fifty-two years crowding before the eye, found the place of tears; and relief, such relief as tears can give, was felt. But such grief of heart can only find relief in the consoling truth, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." By the life and death of our departed friend, as illustrating the inspired declaration, "Whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's," let us be admonished to follow his example, as he followed Christ. He was a man, and whatever was lovely, noble and honourable in man he loved. He was a friend, generous and confiding. In the social relations and intercourse of life, he was unsuspecting, kind, and tender. He was a patriot, and sought his country's good. He was

a philanthropist, and sought the elevation, intellectual, moral, and religious, of our common nature, in the various classes of men. He was a ripe scholar, and sought the universal education of our race. He was a Christian, and loved and laboured for the light, purity, influence, and extension of the kingdom of Christ. He was a saint, and loved holiness; he loved and adored his God, God in Christ, because he is glorious in holiness. All this his weeping family know, and in it find a healing balm for their wounded spirits: his bereaved congregation confess it in their sorrow; the community at large, at home and abroad, recognises its truth; and by the heart of confidential friendship it is tenderly and deeply felt.

KHP.

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE FIRST REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PHILA.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, convened with special reference to the decease of the Rev. Dr. Wylie, on the 14th Oct., 1852, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

*Whereas*, it has pleased the Great Head of the Church to remove from the scene of his earthly labours, our aged and beloved pastor, the Rev. Samuel B. Wylie, D.D. *And whereas*, it is suitable and proper that we, the Trustees of the congregation which has been under his pastoral care for nearly half a century, and which owes so much to his faithful labours as an under shepherd, should give expression, not only to our feelings of high regard and appreciation of his exalted worth as a man, a Theologian, and a scholar, but likewise our love for him as a truly devoted minister of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;

*Therefore resolved*, That whilst we bow with submission to the All wise Disposer of events, who has removed our venerable pastor from the Church militant, to the Church triumphant, we would also express our sincere sympathy and condolence with the bereaved family, and unite with them in the prayer, that our Covenant God will sustain them in this their time of trial, and will be to them, as He has promised, a “Father of the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow.”

*Resolved*, That while we sincerely mourn this great public and private bereavement, our grief is tempered by the full assurance that our departed friend and pastor has entered on a happy immortality, and that our loss is his eternal gain.

*Resolved*, That in testimony of our affection, we, as the authorized agents of the congregation, will purchase a burial lot, in any of the public cemeteries which the family may designate, and present it to them, that the mortal remains of our beloved pastor may be deposited therein.

*Resolved*, That as a further testimony of our attachment and esteem for the deceased, we make immediate arrangements to have the church suitably shrouded in mourning, and that it continue so for the space of six months.

*Resolved*, That we attend the funeral.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of our late pastor, and that they be published in the Banner of the Covenant.

GEO. GORDON, Pres.  
JAS. P. SMYTH, Sec.



PROCEEDINGS OF CONGREGATIONAL MEETING OF THE FIRST REFORMED  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Philadelphia, Church in 11th Street,  
October 20th, 1852.

Agreeably to public announcement made on the preceding Sabbath, the members of the First Reformed Presbyterian Congregation assembled in large numbers on the evening of the 20th of October, 1852, in the church on Eleventh Street, for the purpose of adopting suitable measures to show their respect for the memory of their late senior pastor, the Rev. Samuel Brown Wylie, D.D.

Mr. Robert Orr, the oldest elder of the congregation, and the only male survivor of its original members, was called to the chair, and Mr. John W. Faires appointed Secretary.

After prayer, and a brief statement by Mr. Faires of the object of the meeting, it was resolved, on motion of Mr. George H. Stuart, that a committee of five be appointed, to prepare and submit to the congregation for adoption, some resolutions expressive of their feelings on the mournful occasion.

The chairman appointed as the committee, Messrs. G. H. Stuart, Andrew Alcorn, James Graham, Jr., Dr. Andrew S. McMurray, and John W. Faires, who immediately retired for the purpose of performing the duty assigned to them.

The congregation then engaged in devotional exercises, which were continued during the absence of the committee.

On their return the committee submitted the following preamble and resolutions, with the accompanying address to the Rev. Theodorus W. J. Wylie, now sole pastor of the congregation.

PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God, in the allwise dispensation of His providence, to remove from the scene of his labours on earth to the rest that remaineth for the people of God, our aged, venerable, and dearly beloved pastor, the Rev. Samuel B. Wylie, D.D.; and, whereas, during a pastoral relationship to us of half a century, by the faithful and affectionate discharge of duty, he has secured the esteem and love of every member of this congregation, which, by the blessing of God upon his self-denying and arduous labours, has grown from a small society to a large and flourishing church, extending its branches to all parts of the city, and which, through his unceasing exertions, has made its influence felt not only in our own land, but in the far distant regions of Northern India, where the gospel has been proclaimed, and the banner of the covenant is now upheld by those whom he trained and encouraged to go forth and do battle for the Lord, so that though dead he yet speaketh, and his works do follow him; and, whereas, we deeply lament this sore bereavement and loss, not only to us as a congregation, but also to the church at large, and to the community of which Dr. Wylie was so bright an ornament; and, whereas, cherishing the most profound regard for his memory, we are assembled for the purpose of expressing our feelings of deep grief on this mournful occasion, be it therefore

Resolved, 1st, That as a congregation we deeply mourn the decease of our aged and beloved father and teacher in the Lord. Abundant in labours—powerful, eloquent, clear, and fervent in his expositions of the sublime truths of our holy religion, admirably illustrating the character of a man of God and faithful minister of the gospel, adorning the doctrine



of God our Saviour in all the relations he sustained in life as citizen, husband, father, friend, teacher and pastor; his removal from among us hath left a void which we are sure cannot soon be filled.

Resolved, 2d, that we deeply sympathize with the bereaved widow and the other relations of our deceased pastor, and fervently pray that He who is "the widow's shield and the stay of the orphan," who "bindeth up the broken-hearted and comforteth all who mourn," will support and uphold them under this severe affliction.

Resolved, 3d, That although our aged pastor has been removed from our head, yet it is cause of gratitude and thankfulness to God, that in his son, our pastor by the unanimous choice of the congregation, an Elisha survives, on whom we believe the spirit of Elijah rests. In taking up the mantle of his revered parent, he needs not inquire "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" The promise is, "Lo, I am with you alway." "This God is our God for ever and ever, He will be our guide even to death."

Resolved, 4th, That as a congregation, with one heart and one mind, we will encourage and sustain our beloved young pastor in the discharge of the arduous and highly responsible duties that now devolve upon him, by our prayers, our exertions, and our harmonious co-operation with him as a united people, in the work of the Lord, thus endeavouring to realize the beauty and loveliness of brethren dwelling together in unity.

Resolved, 5th, That we highly approve of the prompt action of our board of trustees in clothing the pulpit in the habiliments of mourning, and procuring a place of sepulture for the remains of our deceased pastor.

Resolved, 6th, That as a further testimony of respect to the memory of our deceased pastor, a committee of three be appointed, who, in connexion with the session and board of trustees of this church, shall take measures for the erection, in the name of the congregation, of a suitable monument to mark the spot where his remains rest.

#### ADDRESS.

Beloved Pastor,—It hath pleased our Heavenly Father, in his all wise and adorable providence, to remove by death your dear father, our much loved senior pastor, and to weigh down your spirit with a heavy sorrow. While we would not intrude on the sacredness of your grief, we desire the privilege of mingling, in Christian sympathy, our tears with yours, in lamenting your sad bereavement.

We pray that the Father of mercies, and God of all comfort, may comfort you and all your father's house, in all your tribulation; that the loving Saviour, even Jesus who wept over the grave of Lazarus, may sustain your hearts by the sweet promises and cheering hopes of the gospel; and that the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, may sanctify to your souls this severe affliction.

While we sympathize with you in your domestic sorrow, we bewail the calamity which has fallen upon us as a congregation. We have lost for ever our aged, our beloved, our venerated pastor. The delight of our eyes, the joy of our hearts, has been taken away; and our glory brought down to dust. No more shall we behold that hoary head, that majestic countenance, that stately form, which age had scarcely begun to bow. No more shall we listen to that voice proclaiming to us the glorious truths of the everlasting gospel, or addressing to us words of friendly greeting. Sermons, prayers, Sabbaths, sacraments, rush upon our mind in vivid remembrance, and link his memory with sweet and hallowed associations. Our aged mourn; for the associate, the adviser, the pastor of their youth

has been taken away. Our poor, our widows, our fatherless children mourn; for their friend, their father has gone for ever. In some of us the recollections of early childhood are stirred up, and the deep fountains of our hearts are troubled.

Alas! we have consigned the remains of our friend, our pastor, our father, to the tomb, and in the solemn stillness and melancholy moonlight of an autumnal evening, we have heaped the clods upon his coffin.

We mourn our irreparable loss; but while we mourn we rejoice that our loss is his eternal gain. We bless God for the good hope we entertain through faith, that his spirit has entered into heaven, and increased the number of the saints in glory. We are persuaded that over the spot where his body sleeps, God and good angels watch, and that in the morning of the resurrection, the redeemed dust of God's servant shall be raised, clothed with imperishable beauty, and reunited to his glorified spirit; and that then in the perfection of a complete humanity, he will enjoy eternally that bliss which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

We derive additional comfort from the consideration that we are not left as sheep without a shepherd; but are blessed in you, with a pastor after our own heart. Your work of faith, and labour of love, performed in our midst, and before our eyes, has endeared you to our affections, and furnished us with ample evidence that you possess those gifts and graces, those high endowments of mind and heart, which adorn the Christian character, and shed lustre upon the station of a minister of Jesus Christ. When, nine years ago, we chose you without a dissenting voice to be the coadjutor and successor of your venerable father, in his pastoral charge, we cherished large expectations concerning you, and our most sanguine expectations have been more than realized. We deem you worthy of the high honour of being the successor of the great and good man who has gone to his rest. We unanimously pledge you our fealty, and assure you that the love wherewith we loved your father, shall be continued to you, his son, our chosen pastor.

Beloved pastor, may the God of Israel bless you, and make you a blessing to us. May you reach the good old age of your father. May you descend to the grave like him, with an unblemished character, and leave like him the remembrance of your virtues as a rich heritage to your children's children, and to the church of God.

The preamble, resolutions, and address having been unanimously adopted, it was resolved that a committee of five be appointed, to communicate, in behalf of the congregation, the preamble and resolutions to the family of the deceased, and present the address to the Rev. Theodorus W. J. Wylie.

The chairman appointed as the committee, Messrs. George H. Stuart, Andrew Alcorn, James Graham, Jr., Dr. Andrew S. McMurray, and John W. Faires.

On motion, Mr. Robert Orr was added to the committee as its chairman.

On motion, it was resolved that a committee of three be appointed to take measures for carrying out the sixth resolution.

The chairman appointed Messrs. John Chambers, James Graham, Jr., and David Ray, as the committee.

On motion, it was resolved that these proceedings be published.

This solemn and interesting meeting was brought to a close by singing the 133d Psalm.

— ROBERT ORR, Chairman.

JOHN W. FAIRES, Secretary.



## NOTICES OF THE REV. DR. WYLIE'S DEATH.

Believing that it will be gratifying to our friends at a distance, to have the various notices which have appeared in the papers of this city, in relation to the decease of our late venerated and beloved father, the Rev. S. B. Wylie, D.D., we publish the following:

## THE DEATH OF THE REV. DR. WYLIE.

This aged and highly respected minister of the gospel, departed this life on Wednesday, Oct. 13th, a little after 9 o'clock, P.M. We were in a lower room of his residence at the time he breathed his last. A short time before his death his spirit was commended to his covenant God, in a fervent prayer, by his son-in-law, Dr. McLeod, of New York. It was truly a solemn moment when the intelligence reached us that his spirit had passed away.

Dr. Wylie was in the 80th year of his age, and 53d of his ministry, and had been, if we are not mistaken, for nearly 50 years pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church in this city. He also discharged for many years with great acceptance, the duties of a professor of Theology and Hebrew, in the Seminary of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and of the learned languages in the University of Pennsylvania, located in this city. He was, and justly so, greatly beloved and revered by the members and ministers of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and highly respected by all who knew him.

There are few, perhaps, of those not intimately associated with him, who have felt his death more sensibly than the writer. Ever since we took charge of a congregation in this city, his conduct towards us has been marked by special kindness and courtesy, for which we shall ever feel grateful, and the instructive and interesting interviews with him which we have occasionally enjoyed, will not soon be forgotten. Deeply do we sympathize with his bereaved friends, and the members of his congregation. May the former enjoy in rich abundance the consolations of the gospel; and the latter, now that they are no longer permitted to behold the venerable form of their pastor in the sanctuary, profit by his counsels and instructions in times past!

His remains were deposited, on Monday the 19th, in the Woodland Cemetery, in the presence of a vast assemblage of persons, composed of the members of his flock, the professors of the University, the ministers of the different denominations in the city, and his acquaintances in general. Many bitter tears will doubtless moisten his grave. [Ev. Rep.]

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"SAMUEL BROWN WYLIE, D.D.—BORN MAY 21, 1773—DIED OCT. 13, 1852.—A SERVANT OF GOD FROM HIS YOUTH, AND FOR THE LAST FIFTY-TWO YEARS A MINISTER OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. 'THIS CORRUPTIBLE MUST PUT ON INCORRUPTION.'"

Such was the simple and beautifully appropriate inscription upon the coffin of the Rev. Dr. Wylie, Pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church in this city, and the loved and the wept of multitudes on multitudes, as he was borne to his narrow house on Monday, the 18th ult., by one of the largest and most deeply affected funeral processions that has ever been witnessed in our midst. Nothing more needed to be said—so full, so just, so true. "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that win many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."—*Chr. Inst.*

**DEATH OF REV. DR. WYLIE.**—The public will hear with profound regret of the death of Rev. Samuel Brown Wylie, D.D., which took place at his residence in this city last evening. Dr. Wylie was for more than half a century pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church. He occupied also, for many years, the Chair of Theology in the department of the Church of which he was a minister, and was Professor Emeritus of ancient languages in the University of Pennsylvania. He died in the 80th year of his age, and the 53d of his ministry.

Dr. Wylie was a distinguished scholar, in classical, oriental, and general literature, a learned and able theologian, a most successful instructor, a genuine philanthropist, and a true Christian. There are few living who could look back upon a career so long and so distinguished for laborious efforts in behalf of religion and of society. His death will be deplored wherever his eminent virtues, his great learning, and his pure character are known.—*Evening Bulletin.*

**DEATH OF DR. WYLIE.**—We have to announce the death of one of our aged and well-known citizens, the Rev. Dr. Samuel B. Wylie, which took place at his residence in Francisville, near Philadelphia, on the evening of the 13th instant. Dr. Wylie was the oldest clergyman in our community, and his pastoral connexion had been of the longest duration, for it extended, we believe, to a period of about half a century. By that worthy congregation, to which he had so long and faithfully ministered, his death will be, we are very sure, mourned with a grief of a peculiarly affectionate character—so much of active, kindly feeling, did this good man mingle with all official intercourse with his fellow-man. Dr. Wylie has been, however, known among us also for many years, in another social relation, much more extended in its nature than that of a pastor to his congregation; we need hardly say that we refer to his long, laborious and honourable career as a teacher—first as the principal of a classical school, and afterwards as Professor of Languages in the University of Pennsylvania. For fifty years did he here devote himself to the cause of education—wisely, learnedly, and zealously—the successful teacher of two generations.

The debt of gratitude a community owes to such an intellectual benefactor admits of no precise measurement; but his numerous pupils, many resident here, and many scattered throughout the whole country, have always shown themselves very willing and affectionate witnesses of their obligations to him. Dr. Wylie's exertions in the cause of education were never intermitted, until, actuated by a high moral sense, he resigned his Professorship, as soon as failing health and the infirmities of age led him to question his ability to do entire justice to the duties of his station. A career of life-long study and of educational labour, persevered in for fifty years, was closed by a short period of the well-earned retirement and repose of an honoured old age, a little interval before this pious, learned, and good man departed from among the fellow-men, whom he had served with such genuine and affectionate fidelity.

Dr. Wylie, it may be proper to remind our readers, has been, also, Vice-Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, and continued, up to the time of his decease, *Emeritus Professor of Languages.*—*Inquirer.*

**THE LATE REV. DR. WYLIE.**—An event, the melancholy impress of which will be widely felt, occurred in this city, on Wednesday evening, in the death of the Rev. Dr. Wylie, Emeritus Professor of Languages in the University, and, we believe, the oldest Christian Pastor of any denomination in Philadelphia. There are many, beyond the immediate friends of the deceased, to whom this announcement will cause regret. A good man has gone from our midst, and the void thus made will not be easily filled. The church to which he was attached will lament a pillar removed, and learning the extinction of a light of no inferior brightness. Through the many young men whom he taught and trained, and who are gracing the learned professions and the walks of business, he has made, and will continue to make, an impression on the country. His memory will be cherished as long as men know how to prize a warm and generous heart—an unflinching devotion to truth—a charity ceaseless in its outgoings—an intelligent and ardent love of country—a ripe and finished scholarship—and a deep-toned and humble piety.—*North American.*

REV. SAMUEL BROWN WYLIE, D.D., died at his residence in this city, on Wednesday evening, in the 80th year of his age, and the 53d of his ministry, having



been for all the latter period pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian congregation. Dr. W. has occupied also, for a long time, the Chair of Theology in his church, and was Professor Emeritus of Greek, Latin and Hebrew in the University of Pennsylvania. He was among the most distinguished linguists in our country, a finished belles lettres scholar, an able theological controversialist, a preceptor who gained the love of all who studied under his care, a pure-minded friend of man, and a meek and genuine Christian. For more than half a century he has been zealously engaged in advancing human happiness on earth, and preparing his fellow-men for the enjoyments of futurity. His success has been as complete as his exertions were distinguished, and his death will be deplored, not only here in the immediate sphere of his usefulness, but throughout the Christian world, in which his learning, purity, and high-toned character, have left behind an example for emulation. Truly, a good and great man has passed away, full of honours, and ripe for his home among the blessed.—*Sun.*

**THE DEATH OF A GOOD MAN.**—In the demise of Dr. Wylie, it may well be said that a great and good man has gone to his rest. To die a pure and blameless Christian, should be the aim of us all. Alas! how few reach the elevated standard of our deceased friend. His almost celestial career on earth shed a halo about his walk and conversation, that can never be forgotten by those who knew him. One ought not, therefore, to lament his departure. He had finished his long journey with such purity and fidelity, aye, and steadfastness of faith, that he seemed fully ripe for the glories of the world of spirits. He may justly be said to have been called home, and why should we murmur at the summons, seeing that his mortal has put on immortality?—*Inquirer.*

**DEATH OF DR. WYLIE.**—On the 13th instant, at his residence in Philadelphia, the Rev. Samuel B. Wylie, D.D., departed this life in the 80th year of his age, and the 53d of his ministry. Dr. Wylie was pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, and Emeritus Professor of the Latin and Greek Languages in the University of Pennsylvania. We have been acquainted with the deceased from our boyhood, and were deeply indebted to him as our venerated instructor. He was profoundly learned, and had few equals in classical attainments and oriental scholarship. Although not endowed with the outward graces of an orator, no intelligent hearer could listen to his sermons without a deep conviction of his ability as a theologian. As an instructor for nearly half a century, he was successful, and few could boast of as many accomplished scholars formed under his training. As a man, he was characterized for his confiding temper—perhaps too confiding for his own temporal interests, and for that genuine kindness of heart and cordiality of manner which rendered his company so agreeable. He was, too, a Christian of simple aims and of unmistakable sincerity. Fulfilling his four-score years, he has been gathered to his fathers, with the esteem of the good, and with as fair a testimony from the world around him, as a strictly consistent Christian and honourable man could achieve. We give this passing notice to the memory of this good man, in expectation that we shall be furnished with a fuller and more suitable obituary notice, from some one of his ministerial friends who enjoyed intimate converse with him.—*Presbyterian.*

**UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, October 16th, 1852.**—The undergraduates in the Department of Arts of the University of Pennsylvania, are desirous of expressing their sympathy with the family of the late Rev. Dr. Samuel B. Wylie, Emeritus Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages, and Vice Provost, who for many years so ably filled the Chair of a Professor in this Institution.

Although the relation of teacher and pupil has never existed between us, yet we feel deep respect for his memory, as one who rendered valuable service to the University by his connexion with it, and whose learning and eminent Christian virtues will ever endear him to us.

He has passed away, but his example endures to prompt the student to future application and the cultivation of those qualities by which he was distinguished, and to adorn the history of the University.

Resolved, That we will attend the funeral.

Resolved, That these proceedings be published, and a copy communicated to the family of Dr. Wylie.

E. JONES, Secretary.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA—SOCIETY OF THE ALUMNI.—A general meeting was held on Saturday afternoon last, to adopt measures of respect to the memory of the late Samuel B. Wylie, D.D. In the chair, Henry Reed, LL. D., President, who announced the object of the meeting in a glowing eulogy upon the character and services of the illustrious deceased. Whereupon C. K. Biddle, Esq., introduced the following resolutions:—

Whereas, it has pleased God, in his wise providence, to remove from earth our revered friend, the Rev. Samuel Brown Wylie, D.D., late *Emeritus* Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in the University. Therefore,

Resolved, That it is with unfeigned grief that we have received the melancholy intelligence of the death of one with whom many agreeable associations are connected, and for whom we entertained the deepest affection and respect.

Resolved, That Dr. Wylie's faithful discharge of his duties as a Christian minister, and his active and energetic exertions in the noble cause of education for more than half a century, deserve the warmest gratitude of ourselves and the community in general; and that the benefits resulting therefrom are such as to satisfy the hopes and gladden the heart of the most ardent philanthropist.

Resolved, That the upright character of Dr. Wylie, his useful and spotless life, and his warm and generous heart, have endeared him to us and given him a place in our memories which nothing can efface.

Resolved, That we sympathise deeply with his bereaved family in their sad affliction, but tender them the cheering consolation that his spirit, set free from its earthly prison house, is now at rest, and will partake throughout eternity of those "joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God has prepared for those who love him."

Resolved, That we will attend the funeral of Dr. Wylie in a body.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published, and that a committee of five (to which the Chairman and Secretary be added) be appointed to convey to the family of the deceased a copy of the same.

The resolutions were supported by the Rev. Henry E. Montgomery, Prof. J. F. Frazer, J. C. Montgomery, Esq., and others, and unanimously adopted, the Chair naming as the Committee provided for, C. K. Biddle, Esq., Joseph C. Cohen, Esq., Rev. H. E. Montgomery, E. C. Brewster, Esq., and Dr. Robbinett.

On motion of the Hon. Wm. B. Reed, it was resolved that Prof. John F. Frazer be requested, at such early day as may suit his convenience, to pronounce an Oration upon the life and character of the late Dr. Wylie.

Adjourned.

JOHN M. COLLINS, Rec. Sec.

### Editorial.

It is our painful duty to announce the decease of the Rev. Samuel B. Wylie, D.D., senior pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. He died at his residence in Francisville, on the 13th of October, about 9 o'clock, P.M., in the 80th year of his age, and the 53d of his ministry. On the subsequent Monday, his remains, accompanied by a vast concourse of friends, were interred in the Woodland cemetery.

The funeral services at the house, which were very appropriate and solemn, consisted in the reading of selections of Scripture by Rev. W. Sterrett, address by Rev. John McDowell, D.D., and prayer by Rev. Joseph T. Cooper, D.D. Benediction at the grave by Rev. Samuel W. Crawford, D.D.

Thus has passed from his labours to his reward, a faithful servant of the Most High God, who was loved, honoured, and venerated, while he lived, and whose memory will be fondly cherished so long as the Reformed Presbyterian Church shall have a place upon the earth.

The pages of the Banner will disclose our reasons for adding nothing to this brief announcement.



## INDIA.

A very interesting letter has been received from India, which will be published in the next number.

## REV. ROBERT PATTERSON.

Our energetic agent is still labouring with commendable zeal in the work assigned to him. When last heard from, he had entered the bounds of the Western Presbytery, and had visited Chicago. It is gratifying to know that his labours so far have been successful, and it is hoped, through the blessing of God, they will contribute much to the advancement of the divine glory.

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**Obituaries.**

Died, on Friday, Sept. 3d, Alice Velina, aged 15 months and 17 days, daughter of Samuel G. and Belinda Caughey, of Darlington, Beaver county, Penn.

The deceased was a lovely child—the only daughter of her parents by whom, in the institution of baptism, she was early dedicated to God, from whom they had received her. Marked as she was therein as the property of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, it is the privilege of the parents to believe that He has taken her, redeemed and washed in the blood of the covenant, to himself, and she is now in the participation of bliss with Him who said, “Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

Died, on Tuesday, Sept. 7th, in the 83d year of his age, Robert M<sup>c</sup>Chesney, a ruling elder in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, near Darlington.

Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Chesney was a native of County Tyrone, Ireland, where he spent the earlier part of his life. He emigrated to this country about forty years ago, and settled in Beaver county soon after his arrival. Under the preaching of the Rev. Robert Gibson, he was induced to espouse “Reformation Principles,” and to seek a connexion with the Ref. Presbyterian Church. Having made an honest profession of attachment to these principles, he gave himself, with all the fervour of his ardent temperament, to their support and extension. In 1834 he was duly elected, and according to the good order of the house of God, invested with the office of ruling elder—the functions of which he endeavoured to discharge with fidelity up to the time of his decease. Piety and fervour of devotion were his distinguishing characteristics. He lived to see all his surviving children,—sons and daughters—daughters-in-law and sons-in-law, save one, sit down with himself at the “Lord’s table.” Being of elastic constitution, he was not long confined to bed by the disease of which he died; but he had during the latter part of the summer frequent premonitory indications of his dissolution. One of these in rigour resembling “chills,” attacked him, a few Sabbaths before his decease, in the church during his attendance on public worship; but no entreaty of friends could prevail with him to leave the sanctuary before the close of public worship; another was experienced by him the night preceding the last Sabbath he was at church; but notwithstanding he was in his place on that Sabbath, and few that were present will soon forget his appearance on the afternoon of that day, near the close of the services, while he sat upright with hands folded, gazing at the preacher, when many thought his breath had already departed. During the few days he was confined to his room his mind was serene and composed, enjoying some of the foretastes of a “better country, that is a heavenly,” until his spirit quietly departed to Him who gave it, leaving his body to await the coming of “the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself.”

“Mark thou the perfect, and behold  
The man of uprightness,  
Because that surely of this man,  
The latter end is peace.”

F.





For more information, see page 100

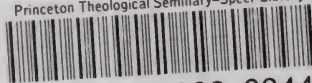




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